

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

AN OPENING WITHOUT SOONERS.

There seems to be considerable concern that a great mass of homesteaders will disregard the president's proclamation receding how lands in the Kloma, Comanche and Apache reservation shall be taken, will intrepidly dash into the country, grab a homestead and defy the government, on the grounds that the drawing is an illegal lottery. Of course nothing of the kind will happen. Some man thought of doing it; some newspaper man said such a thing was contemplated; some other newspaper man said there was certainty that it would be done; another newspaper man said there was an organized movement to do that very thing.

As a logical result the Chicago Record-Herald remarks solemnly that his fervent crowd of sooners will be led by "Zipp" Wyatt and "Slaughter Kid". It is said but true that the dishonorable Mr. Wyatt has long since become part of the justly celebrated alluvial soil of Oklahoma, while the dust that Slaughter Kid bit, is part of now himself. If they are leading anything it is a hot air chorus in the great and over-heated beyond.

There will be no sooners in the new country next month. The reason there were sooners in previous openings was because of the opportunity against which the government failed to provide. Under its new plan, the sooner is ruled out, cut out, precluded and vetoed. The whole plan is set up against him.

The possible sooner knows it. He has studied the situation out in a comfortable, shady spot. He means to abide by the regulations prescribed by the president. But he isn't eager to deny the story that he will be a sooner. It adds to the gaiety of the nation. It stimulates the imagination of the easterner to efforts like the Zipp Wyatt-Slaughter Kid nightmare.

The settlement of the agricultural lands of the new reservations will be a monotonously peaceful, pleasant affair which will put the country to sleep before it is finished. The real excitement, in fact the only excitement of general interest in the affair will be the rush to the new country seats. There will flock the curious sight-seer, the man who wants to go into legitimate business and the grafter who intends to remain only a month or so, and rob rapidly while he is at it.

The principal city, Lawton, will be badly over-done in every line and many a wise man, who appreciates it, will find his location in one of the other two where he will have more opportunity to succeed against a determined competition which as the weeks pass and the culling process evolves will become desperate.

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN SHIPBUILDING.

It is no beyond dispute that the shipbuilding industry of the United States is destined to reach much greater proportions in a few years than it ever attained in its best days, when wood was the favorite material for ships, and American forests gave this country a great advantage over Europe.

In the fiscal years which ended with the month of June the tonnage launched in American shipyards exceeded all records for any like period in the history for any like period in the history of the country, except the two years of 1854 and 1855. The gain over the preceding fiscal year was about 30 per cent which rate of progress is all that could be asked of any industry. It is about fifteen times as high a rate of expansion as the population of the country would show.

In 1854 and 1855 the conditions for shipbuilding were peculiarly favorable. The industry was stimulated, in the United States, by the great traffic with California, the heavy freight going mostly by way of Cape Horn and calling for much tonnage. It was also the time of the Crimean war with its abnormal market for American food products and its unusual demands upon the shipyards of Great Britain for naval purposes.

To come near the records of these two years, therefore, in the tonnage built in American shipyards, and to make a gain of about 30 per cent over the last preceding fiscal year, must be considered remarkable proof of the revival and splendid future of American shipbuilding.

NEW WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Popp doesn't sound exactly like the name of one predestined and foreordained to be a great inventor, yet if report has not erred the young electrical engineer thus called is both the inventor and successful demonstrator of a new system of wireless telegraphers that already has attracted much attention.

Exceeding simplicity is said to characterize this system, which was given a trial the other day in a small suburb of Paris. No tall masts are required. In the mode of operation the Popp system is described as terrestrial rather than aerial, for the electric waves follow the surface of the earth. The apparatus consists of two electrodes, one at each end of the working line. The negative is placed on a sheet of glass as insulator on the surface. The positive is buried in the earth at a depth of from 3 1/2 to 4 meters. These two electrodes are connected to the transmitting apparatus, and a similar arrangement prevails at the receiving station.

Practically unlimited as to radius of action is the claim of inventor Popp for his system, which he believes is as workable between Europe and America as between two places on the same continent. One of the special features of his simple apparatus is a reflector insulator, by the working of which the electric waves are compelled to travel in a given direction. Judging by the accounts of the trials at Le Vesinet, the little village where the system was recently experimented with, the new system of wireless telegraphy proved decidedly successful.

COMPRESSED FOOD DREAMS.

Many proposed reforms have seemed incidentally to dispose of the servant girl problem, which has created a new and distressing form of nervous malady among American women. The reformers, however, have been sidetracked, and not only is the servant girl problem still with us, but it threatens to become more serious. Energetic women with an itching for notoriety have begun the work of organizing the kitchen maids into labor unions to demand impossible hours of leisure, absurd privileges and exorbitant pay. There is a strong temptation for the mistress of the household to become a convert to the raw food cult or to advocate communal or public kitchens. There are women who find a sort of melancholy pleasure in the present conditions. They enjoy the distinction of having a little more trouble than do their neighbors over servant girls, just as confirmed invalids take pleasure in having more serious symptoms than those manifested by other patients. In the main, however, the women of the country are nearly desperate over the situation, and it is time for Mr. Edison to invent a mechanical maid to work by electricity. While even she would be addicted to cracks, she would be without some other of the defects of the present domestic.

The hope is held out that we may yet be able to dispense with elaborate cooking. Several chemists are said to be at work on the problem of compressed food, and they expect to compass "in the capacity of a small vial" elements which will sustain life for days. One enthusiastic predicts that "science will yet be able to extract the life force that is in the heart of the corn, the kernel of the wheat and the luscious juices of the fruits." Perhaps it may be an encouragement to recall that in the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee there are chemists who have the art of compressing into the capacity of a pocket flask,

a force which has been extracted from the heart of the corn. It may be worthy of mention that these chemists have received no aid or sympathy from the government. Whether the condensed food of the future will be in the form of tablets, to be dropped into a cup of hot water, or in the shape of pastilles, to be slipped on the skin (which is able to absorb the nutritious qualities), is still to be determined. The present tendency is clearly toward tabletoid preparations. On the other hand, the use of pastilles mankind would escape all the multiple forms of indigestion. The object of the American being to work as much as possible, it would be a boon to him if he could simply put on a plaster for dinner and go on with his affairs. That the scheme is reasonable has been shown in the case of a woman patient in a Chicago hospital, who has been kept alive and strong for a year on beef-tea baths twice a day. The audacity of the modern surgeon in the removal of the human stomach must make further experiments in this direction necessary.

MORAL AND BUSINESS QUALITIES.

The extent to which a man's morality or immorality may be considered in determining whether he has the necessary ability and whether it is otherwise proper for him to be entrusted with the responsibility of large corporate management was considered recently by the English court of appeal. A man had been practically manager of nine allied English steamship companies for ten years, and for twenty years had been in the employ of a company deeply interested in these companies. When the companies decided to wind up their affairs this man was appointed voluntary liquidator. Subsequently the company for which the man had worked twenty years, and of which he was at that time secretary, learned certain things which led it to dismiss the man as its secretary. He then sued the company for wrongful dismissal and libel. Thereupon the shareholders of the nine companies applied to the court to have the man removed as liquidator, under an act providing that such an officer could be removed "on due cause shown." The ground on which the application was made was that, though the man was married and had a grown up family, he was leading an immoral life, and had misappropriated funds of a company, and it was argued that not only on account of his immoral life was he unfit to act as liquidator, but that he could not perform his duties with impartiality, and might lead the nine steamship companies into litigation against the company which had discharged him. The man thus attacked made counter charges of irregularities of the company in its dealings with the marine underwriters, and he argued that personal immorality was not sufficient ground for his removal. The judge before whom the application was made decided that the case against the man had not been made out, that the charges of misappropriation of funds had been disproved, and that he had turned into court all funds received by him as liquidator. The court of appeal, sustained the decision of the lower court, deciding that the charges made against the man's integrity had not been proved; that although immorality was a circumstance to be considered upon the question whether a person was a proper one to be appointed liquidator, yet gross immorality was not incompatible with consummate ability, and that, on the whole, no due cause for the man's removal had been shown.

A NEW ENGLANDS INNOVATION.

The weekly house-to-house delivery system of books from the public library, established in Springfield, Mass., a few months ago, is proving a success in the district in which it has been tried. The operating agreement is to be renewed in the fall, and if the plans continue to be popular in this district it will be extended to other sections of the city. Of the 150 persons receiving books in this way, more than one-half had never before made any use of the city library. It has been found necessary to raise the price of the delivery somewhat, and a choice is given of paying 50 cents for six weeks of the service, \$1 for twelve weeks, or \$2 for thirty-eight weeks. This is less than the cost of street car fare to and from the library once a week. It must be remembered, too, that the unit of the system is the house and not the individual, and that any number of persons in one family who are entitled to hold cards can have a book apiece for the expense of one delivery.

John Adams wrote early: "July 4 ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, gunnery, bonfires and illumination from one end of the continent to the other." But John didn't know what he was doing to the insurance companies when he suggested that.

Secretary Long of the Navy department says he did not write the famous dispatch to Dewey at Hong Kong beginning, "War with Spain has commenced, etc." He says a clerk in the department wrote it and that if he had done so he would have used "begun."

Captain Hobson says that the faults of sailors as men can be attributed to the fact that they are away from home and beyond the influence of women. But how they do make up for lost time kissing when they arrive.

When Pinkney was dying he said: Get me another doctor. If they will only take care of me now I am willing to sign a contract with the Almighty to die quietly and without a murmur two years hence.

This government is usually fair but when it arranged it so that in order to get \$2 worth of revenue stamps redeemed you would have to go to \$10 worth of trouble, it stepped on itself woefully.

Mr. Charles G. Dawes has resigned a good place to run for the senate in Illinois. And some day Mr. Dawes will realize that his friends who are urging him were slightly mistaken.

The Duchess of Sutherland says: "I find that Americans are more civil to brains than to titles." And that is the finest compliment America has received in many a day.

By this time the spring graduates are probably seeing the first gray streaks of a realization that this Big Round World isn't what it is cracked up to be.

The warm weather is another illustration of the fact that the man who designed the clothes Americans should wear in summer missed his guess badly.

Compressed food may be all right, but it isn't everything, for what good would a slice of watermelon be if you got the same taste from sucking a pellet.

The bull fights at Omaha are tame. Unless you understand the game all bull fights are tame. So is croquet, until the other fellow beats you.

By far the most remarkable thing about the recent hot spell was that no scientist discovered that it was due to a spot on the sun.

The weather bureau has our consent to remove this weather, but we advise the use of a stove book in doing it.

The caution law is a howling failure, but the cranks who forced it on the nation will never be able to see it.

New York is moving away from Wall Street. It would be a good thing if the rest of the country deserted it.

If the death of Diaz and a religious quarrel strike Mexico at the same time, it is good-bye Mexico.

Lord Wolseley says the American army is the best for its size in the world. And it can grow quick.

Gomer is now looking over this country. He ought to like it. It may yet be his own.

Peace negotiations in the Transvaal have failed. They can't get down to the trough.

The biggest thing drawn at the government drawing was the crowd.

It might be said, too, that too many cooks spoil the corn drops.

A RISE IN VALUE.

It was a hilly country. To the right and left of the little valley the hills arose and stretched away in the misty distance. But the hills were not the chief attraction of the place. The chief attraction was the little stream that ran through a gap that gained access into the valley for the old straight road now quite neglected. The man who sat in the front room of the ancient farm house could look through this gap from the window and when his eyes rested upon it he nodded his head and slightly smiled. He was a tall man of very presentable appearance, well dressed, well groomed, bright of eye and firm of jaw; a tall man of past 30, with a few threads of silver glinting in his thick black hair. Before him with his back to the window, sat an aged man, bent, withered, white of hair and wrinkled. There was a look about the front room that suggested the absence of woman's care. The walls were grimy, and dust hung to the simple furniture. Farmer John Sedwick had lost his wife a dozen years before.

"Yes," the tall man was saying, "I like the location, and I've got a little money to invest. Perhaps I'll build, perhaps I'll wait for a rise."

"There isn't any likelihood of a rise," said the old man with a grim smile, "and I don't think you'll ever get anything out of this place. It's been forty years ago. Fact is, there isn't anything calculated to boom it."

"I think you are doing wisely to drop the burden," he said. "That is, if my offer strikes you favorably."

"It is the only offer I've had for twenty years," he said. "Guess I haven't any."

"Well," said Henry Andrews, "the work of changing location will not be heavy."

"No," said the old man, "I've let everything go and I haven't thought anything new. Guess about all of my own that I'll want to take will be my shaving tools and my old sword."

"Your sword?" asked Henry Andrews, "I've got a sword."

"No, sir," said the old man, with a little emphasis. "My sword. Carried it to Gettysburg for the last time. I'm a soldier, Company G. I'm a little proud of the old relic."

"Of course," said Henry Andrews, "but you carried it for the last time at Gettysburg. Were you disabled there?"

"No," laughed the old man, "but the sword was. Want to see it draw out the blade. That's where Jim Tolliver over to the village riveted it. Told me of a job, but it was done for me. You see we were black and white and my head like this, and was looking back at the boys and yelling to 'em to hurry up, when I saw a chunk of a Johnny Reb shell and cut the blade square in two right there."

"Do you draw a pension?" asked Henry Andrews.

"Me?" said the old man straightening up. "No, well and strong—I don't want any pension. Pensions are for the hurt and the helpless. Please, God, I'll never need one."

"Good afternoon, Miss Fairleigh," he said, with uplifted hat as he heard the lady.

She turned and saw him. "Good afternoon, Mr. Andrews," she said. "I'm a handsome woman of nearly 30, neatly groomed and bearing in her gloves a small bouquet of pink flowers. I'm a young lady of considerable means."

Henry Andrews, as he fell into step beside her, "How goes the story?"

"I almost regret to say that it is at the threshold of the last chapter," the young lady replied.

"It seems very strange that we should meet in such an out of the way place," said Henry Andrews.

"It is a coincidence in which to finish your story and the railroad selects a route that brings me to the same spot."

"And how do the land negotiations proceed?"

"Recently, I have just secured this entire gap and the land beyond is already owned."

"You have bought from John Sedwick?"

"I have his promise to sell."

"He deserves well of his fellow man," said Elizabeth Fairleigh. "May I ask, what is the price you expect to pay John Sedwick for the old farm?"

"I have offered him \$20 an acre. It is a wretched land."

"There is a mortgage, I believe."

"Yes, it is mortgaged for \$3,000. The land has been running down in value for many years."

"There was a little sliver," said Elizabeth Fairleigh. "After the mortgage is paid he will have his left. It seems very odd, doesn't it, for him to live with distant relatives when he breaks up here. He will be welcome only so long as he has money and he may live on for many years."

"No," said Henry Andrews. "But no one would offer him more for the land. It is all it is worth."

"I'll take it more to the railroad?"

"No," replied Henry Andrews. "A great deal more."

"Of course, John Sedwick doesn't know about the railroad," said Henry Andrews.

"No," said Henry Andrews. "I am very glad to meet you—even though I find it disappointing to both my heart and conscience. Will you walk out with me when I go to close the bargain with John Sedwick?"

"Very gladly," said Elizabeth Fairleigh.

LAST OF GREAT JUELS.

In the series of debates between Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln in 1858, on one occasion Douglas sneeringly referred to the fact that he had gradually supplanted the sword, the duel was no longer "sport." Half the time of the thing vanished and people were soon able to discriminate between the natural light and the light which was now a shadow.

ed while there are any men to fight at all and artificial combat in cold blood by premeditation, a purely social necessity which might as well be abolished.

The Latin races stick to this still, and, as it is more a matter of temperament than of logical argument, there is no use in trying to persuade them to change their nature. But duelling is by no means so old-fashioned as many people think on either side of the Atlantic.

Neither was it always an unmixed evil. Duels with pistols are not only unsatisfactory from the point of view of sport, they are often intolerably monotonous, unless their ending is of such a peculiarly dramatic nature as was that of the embittered quarrel between two Italian gentlemen in Philadelphia in 1850, which seems worse from the fact that the men concerned were being warm friends, had been changed.

"I am the English author," said the first of the duelists, "and I have produced no result. At the second fire Dr. Smith's arm was broken. At the third round he stood up in spite of excruciating pain, and he and I fought on until both were wounded men tottered forward and for a final effort, determined that one or both should never leave the field alive. Smith fell dead. Instantly, I shot through the heart of the man who had just been my friend, and he died four hours afterward."

"There is a horrible delirium and fatality about this which would have been impossible in a duel of honor," said the second of the duelists, "but it explains a good deal of the preference expressed for the sword in Italy and France at the present time."

In the first named country the duels reported with all details in the press amounted to 174 in the ten years 1891-1900. Three per cent were fought either with the light sabre or the rapier. Three thousand nine hundred and one wounds were inflicted, of which 1,000 were mortal. Thirty per cent of these duels were the outcome of journalistic or political disputes.

The writer knew a young Italian who in his first duel with a German was once compelled to rid the chest of a lion's paw, which he had just killed, of a lion's paw. He used the same weapon, and he cut open the rascal's body from thigh to shoulder.

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